

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

M. Grey slept soundly for eight hours the night after his resignation, for the first time in six weeks.

Queen Victoria has given \$5,000 for distribution among detectives who discovered an alleged dynamite plot against her life in jubilee week.

The other morning early a little curly headed girl of 6 or 7 years went to the Maine state house and asked an officer: "Is Governor Bodwell dead?" "Yes," was the reply. "Oh, he used to give me candy!" she exclaimed, and turned away crying bitterly.

Lady Burdette-Coutts denies that she has any intention of visiting America, and adds that she is afraid that a journey to this country would probably be made unpleasant by newspaper comments. At a recent wedding the venerable old lady wore a cloak entirely composed of ostrich feathers.

Dr. Thomas Salty French, who will resign the bishopric of Lahore at the end of this year, is one of the most scholarly members of the Anglican communion. In India he is popularly called "the many tongued man of Lahore," on account of his ability to preach in nine or ten different languages.

Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire, like most millionaires, began his business career at the very bottom of the ladder. He earned his first salary as a clerk in a Pennsylvania country store, and probably thought himself well paid when he drew his \$10 on the first of each month. Mr. Palmer made his fortune by judicious investments in Chicago real estate. He managed to keep just ahead of the "boom."

Leland Stanford, Jr., had he lived, would have reached his majority in May, 1880. It was hoped by his parents that the university bearing his name would be in running order by that time, but it is now by no means certain that the building will be ready for occupancy as soon as was expected. Senator Stanford receives many letters daily from all parts of the world relating to the new university. Some of these letters contain advice, encouragement or congratulations; others are applications from students for admission or from scholars seeking appointments on the faculty.

A very remarkable story is told in boarding school circles about Miss Nellie Arthur, the daughter of the late ex-president. She was at Mrs. Lockwood's school, and had been there a year when one day she was missed by her little chums, who crowded around the principal after the opening exercises to know where she had gone. "Where's Nellie?" they said. "Why, don't you know?" said the lady. "Her father, Gen. Arthur, died last night." "Was her father Gen. Arthur?" all asked at once with one voice. "Was she the president's daughter?" Miss Nellie had never hinted at what most girls would have told before anything else.

James Whitcomb Riley's great success at the author's readings in New York city a few weeks ago has called attention to his early life. Riley as a youth was a journeyman sign painter. His signs were grotesque from an artistic standpoint, and often witty as far as their literary features were concerned. Riley has peculiar eyes and used to feign blindness, pretending that he could paint a sign by inspiration, as it were. The country folk who were thus deluded looked upon Riley as a kind of miracle worker. Once Riley joined a vendor of patent medicines and traveled about singing comic songs and playing on a banjo. In this way he acquired his wonderful knowledge of "Hoosier dialect," and learned to know "the people" in all their varying phases.

About six years ago there was in New York a tall, brawny young man named Harry Marks. He wrote for newspapers, played Wall street, and did the best he could generally. Finally he went to England. Life was unpleasant here. With a capital of just \$125 he started a stock market newspaper in London. He called it The Financial News. How he kept it alive nobody knows. But he did. In the end it made a great hit. Last summer Marks bought him a private residence for \$50,000 cash, and purchased the plant of The Life for \$75,000, both of which sums he paid in cash. It is reported that the gross earnings of his paper for the year reached \$300,000. Now he proposes to give London an illustrated Sunday paper, and the chances seem to point to the proposition that even London journalism is to be revolutionized to follow the American pattern.

Tired of Matrimony.

What is the whole duty of a bridegroom when, after the wedding and the breakfast, he finds himself alone with his bride in an empty railway compartment? One would imagine that a few terms of endearment, and possibly an occasional caress, would not be considered quite out of place. This seems to have been the opinion of a young lady who was married at Acerrington, the other day, to a Mr. John Smith. The blushing bride had not been married before, but she was naturally surprised and distressed by the proceedings of her husband. They had scarcely left Acerrington, when Mr. Smith settled himself in a corner, yawned once or twice, and fell into deep slumber. It is possible that Mr. Smith in repose is not a pleasing spectacle. It is possible that Mrs. Smith was merely hurt by the stolidity of his demeanor under conditions favorable to cheerfulness, not to say enthusiasm. But it is certain that, for one or both of these reasons, the maiden slipped quietly out of the carriage at the first station, leaving behind her only a slip of paper attached to Mr. Smith's coat tail, and bearing these words: "Tired of matrimony. Had enough of it and gone home to my ma. Mary."—The Argonaut.

Mormons and Scandinavians.

Superintendent Montgomery, of the American Home Missionary society, has lately been to Utah to study the Mormon question as affecting Christian work among the Scandinavians. It is not generally known, perhaps, that over one-half of all the Mormon converts brought to this country are Scandinavians. Mr. Montgomery found 40,000 of these people in Utah, their lot a hard one indeed. He is at work also preparing a series of articles to be published in all of the Scandinavian papers on both sides of the ocean, setting forth the truth concerning Utah and the Mormon church, and warning Scandinavian people everywhere against the enticements of Mormon missionaries.—Chicago Times.

In Days Gone By.

The wife of a recent governor of a far western state used to take her blankets and go cautiously out after nightfall to some sheltered nook, there to sleep with the stars for company. Her husband was obliged to make long freighting trips to some distant mining camp. She has recently presided in her husband's home at the state capital, while he filled the highest office in the state. And that capital has sprung from a few dug-outs to 75,000 inhabitants since her days and nights of danger on the river bank. And her children, yet in their teens, have an enjoying the educational advantages of a state university.—Daughters of America.

The great museum of Egypt at Boulg will be removed to a site less affected by dampness during the high water season of the Nile.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A JOLLY RIDE TO THE TUNE OF A MERRY NURSERY JINGLE.

A Story Showing that Mysterious Signs and Sounds May be Explained by Common Sense—How a Wise Dog Rescued Its Companion from Drowning.

One day two slye terriers were walking with their owner by the side of a river, and while indulging in their usual frolics, the younger dog fell into the river.



A WISE DOG RESCUES ITS COMPANION.

Tony gave a piteous whine and ran to the foot of the embankment. There he found Polly trying with her forefeet to scramble up a low wall which protected the banks at the water's edge. Tony seized his companion's ear, but finding that he was losing his footing and likely to be pulled into the water, let his hold go, and poor Polly in consequence, was forced to undergo a second ducking. Tony had by no means deserted the unfortunate Polly; he planted his feet more securely, and with his breast resting on the bank, waited until Polly rose to the surface, when he seized her again by the ear, and with a strong determined pull brought her out on to dry land. It need hardly be told that the master of the dogs gave them both an unusually good supper. It ought also be added for the credit of little Polly that she insisted on taking the smaller portion of the ration.

Cunning Crows.

The shrewdness of crows is proverbial, as indeed is that of the entire family to which they belong, including as it does ravens and rooks, magpies and jays.

The following amusing anecdote was recently told in Youth's Companion: A gentleman saw a dog holding a piece of meat in his mouth, in the presence of three crows. These birds all vainly tried to tear it from him by force. This they could not do, so had recourse to strategy. After a consultation in crow language they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a bite sharp enough to make him turn around with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three feasted triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall.

An Old Nursery Song.

Pace, pace, pace—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side.
Pace, pace, pace.
Facing gently into town,
To buy a bonnet and a gown;
Pacing up the narrow street,
Smiling at the folks they meet—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side.
Pace, pace, pace.



THAT'S THE WAY THE GENTLEMEN RIDE.

Trot, trot, trot—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
Over the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.
Racing after fox and hound,
Leaping o'er the meadow's bound,
Trotting through the woods in spring,
Where the little wild birds sing—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
Over the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.

A Mysterious Knock.

Some years ago a gentleman moved into a new house with his family. Shortly after he was aroused in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking at his bedroom door. He called out, "Who is there?" but there was no reply. After a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the question was asked, "Who is there?" and again no reply. The third knocking was very loud, and the irritated gentleman sprang out of bed and rushed to the door, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside!

It did seem rather mysterious, and the bewildered man returned to bed with a beating heart and ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct as before! Although feeling rather uneasy, the gentleman crept silently to the door, and lay down, with his head on the boards, a few feet from the door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. When it came again he could distinctly refer it to the lowest panel. Suddenly he opened the door, but again with no result. He discovered, however, the knuckle bone of a leg of lamb, and fixing his eyes on this, he saw, that it was jerked repeatedly against the skirting of the boards.

The mystery was now revealed. A mouse had dragged this bone to the entrance of its hole, but could not pull it through. It was holding on by the tough bit of sinew attached to the end of the bone, and was jerking it back and forward, thus producing the knocking sound which had seemed so mysterious.

This story shows that many sights and sounds which seem mysterious may be explained by a little perseverance and common sense.

The Sale of Standard Works.

Recently a table was published, giving the comparative sales of authors, as gathered from the business of a prominent concern. A reporter obtained from a salesman in the employ of a large news company of New York, a list of sales based on the number of copies of Charles Dickens' works that are sold by that firm. The following table shows that the company sells on the average:

Dickens, 600; Mary J. Holmes, 400; Louisa M. Alcott, 450; Sir Walter Scott, 250; Thackeray, 80; Bulwer, 80; Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, 100; A. W. Tourgee, 50; Cooper, 50; Hawthorne, 80; Edward Eggleston, 30; Marion Crawford, 30; R. L. Stevenson, 40; Helen Hunt Jackson, 40; Frances Hodgson Burnett, 30; H. Rider Haggard, 20; Panzer books (Lothrop, 5; Beecher, 10; H. Beecher Stowe, 100; May Agnes Fleming, 110; Lew Wallace, 200; George Eliot, 80; Maria: Harland, 100; George W. Cable, 10; F. R. Stockton, 30; W. D. Howells, 20; William Black, 12; R. D. Blackmore, 12; T. B. Aldrich, 10; Wilkie Collins, 3; Charles Reade, 10; Fielding, 2; Henry James, 2; Henry George, 5; Mrs. Augusta Evans, 20; Spurgeon, 20; Talmage, 10.

The salesman commented, as he went down the list, as follows:

"Edward Eggleston's sales have fallen off largely; sells only in the holidays. Marion Crawford's new book sells well. Helen Hunt Jackson will always sell. The demand for Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is as steady as clockwork. 'Ben Hur' is one of the most reliable books to sell we have ever had. H. Rider Haggard sells in spurts. The sales of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and Bulwer scarcely vary from year to year. They are as much a standard article as flour or groceries.

"The most remarkable book we have sold," said the salesman, "is 'Mr. Barnes, of New York.' We have sold 5,000 a week since its first appearance, and have been from 8,000 to 10,000 behind our orders all the while. As it is the first book of the author the sale is beyond all precedent."

The country sells for all classes of publishers, except those that sell on subscription and on instalments. The former do not properly come into comparison, but the latter publish works of a purely literary character. The figures as to the sales of the latter are remarkable. One installment house has agencies in nearly every state in the Union. It gives the following figures of sales of standing authors in one year: Dickens, 50,000 sets, six volumes in a set, \$10 a set. This number has been sold for seven years consecutively. Scott, 30,000 sets, nine volumes, at \$12; Thackeray, 27,000 sets, eight volumes, at \$12; Charles Lever, 12,000 sets, nine volumes, at \$12; Shakespeare, 27,000 sets, eight volumes, at \$12; William Carleton, the Irish author, 10,000 sets, three volumes, at \$5. This represents the total sales of this author, and not the sales per annum. From this it appears that \$500,000 is spent in this country each year for Dickens in one style, \$300,000 for Scott, \$225,000 for Thackeray, \$144,000 for Lever, \$225,000 for Shakespeare, \$450,000 for Mr. Carleton in seven years. Agents report that fully one-half the families possess Dickens' works.—New York Press.

Winter Prognostications.

Turtles have been discovered imbedded only nine inches in the mud, hence the winter will be a light one. An old residenter down in Cumberland county has found the discolored head of a large spike in the gizzard of a hen; therefore the winter will be a hard one. When nails, horseshoes, flat irons, etc., are found at this season of the year in the gizzard of the well regulated hen it is an unfailing sign that the winter will be a hard one. The man who gets out his square and compass and takes the latitude and longitude of the melt of the butchered hog has not been so scientifically industrious as usual this season, but enough has been planned to show that the melt this year is situated one degree north of the gail, pointing thence three degrees westerly to a rib. Hence the winds will be northwesterly, strong and cold to brisk, shifting to northwesterly and from thence to north, and thence down over the fence and out. On the other hand, it has been shown that the cucumber seeds have been more oblong than usual this year, that the hickory nut shucks have been thin and the covering of onions loose and baggy, and cut low in the neck. The winds, therefore, will be light and low, and the winter as open as a barn. Very little oil is observed to stick to the feathers of the ducks that bathe in Oil creek this month; hence the ice gorge at the Rynd farm next spring will be greater or less, as the case may be. Other indications equally reliable might be cited, but these will suffice for the present.—Oil City Blizzard.

Cracks in the Washington Monolith.

The base of the monument shaft itself continues to show more markedly as time goes on the weight of the tremendous shaft above it. The meeting edges of the large marble blocks are splitting and crumbling away into small pieces, and are seamed, scarred and cracked by the enormous pressure upon them. Through these crevices the cement or other foreign matter has penetrated, causing discolored blotches upon the white marble. Whether this crumbling process, which is continually going on, will eventually impair the stability of the shaft is a serious question. Never in the history of the world has a foundation of any kind had to support so stupendous a pressure as rests upon the base of the Washington monolith.—Washington Herald.

Consumption of Raisins.

The United States is the largest consuming country of raisins in the world, and reliable authorities estimate the consumption at about 2,000,000 boxes of about twenty pounds each, which, at an average of \$2 per box, shows an expenditure of \$4,000,000 per annum for one article in the dried fruit line. The amount referred to represents say 1,000,000 boxes Valen la, 750,000 boxes in California, 300,000 boxes Malaga and 100,000 boxes Smyrna. The crop of the world for the present season is estimated in round numbers at 6,500,000 boxes, about as follows: Valencia, 3,000,000 boxes; Malaga, 600,000; California, 750,000; and Smyrna, 2,000,000. The shipments of Valencia raisins to the United States to date are 500,000 boxes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Exhibition of Sewing Machines.

There is an exhibition of sewing machines at the Royal aquarium, London, where English, American and German sewing machines are being shown. It is the first exhibition of the kind, but will be repeated, it is said, in Boston, Mass., and subsequently in Paris. There are sixty-nine patents shown, and they include many novelties. A specimen of the first sewing machine ever made, reproduced from the original specifications of Thomas Saint, of London, an inventor of the last century, is there, and with it are exhibited modern machines sewing at the rate of 2,000 stitches a minute. The lowest priced one is \$1.37 and the highest \$250.—New York Sun.

Curiosities in Pumpkins.

Pumpkins grown on the Hudson have a name in raised letters grown on each. The name is cut through the skin when they are growing, and as it heats up leaves a raised scar in the shape of "Baby Mine," "Devil-drop," "Jumbo" and other inscriptions.—Bastor Budget.

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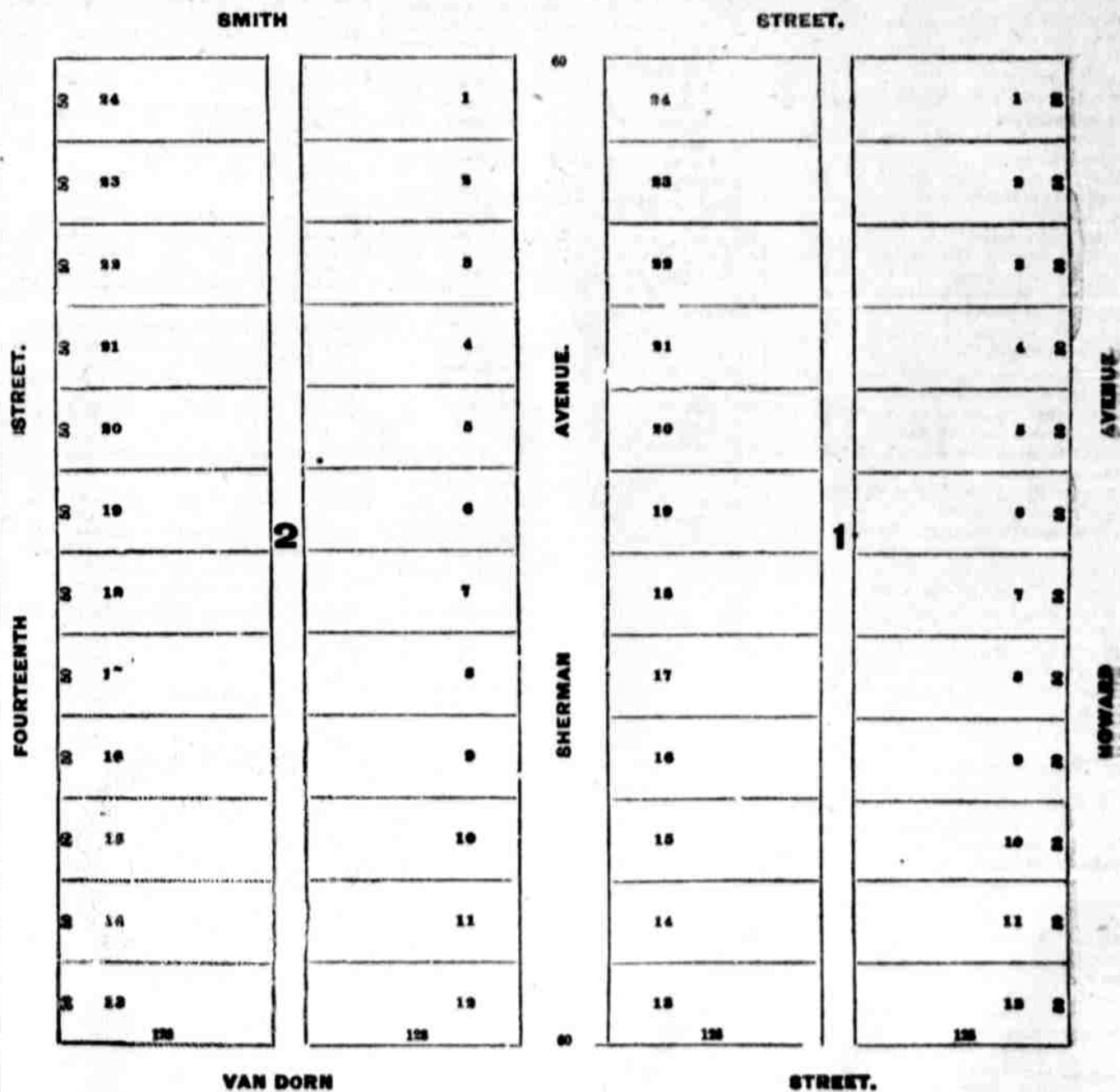
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